

Brett

by Sue Hitchcock

A man was sitting on the steps of Declan's caravan when they got back. Margie squinted as Declan drew up next to him. He stood, putting his phone away and Margie knew him,

"It's Brett. Blimey, he's grown!"

He was still a boy, younger than Margie, but overtopping even Declan. "Hi there, remember me?"

Margie couldn't resist punching his arm, as she used to, "what are you doing here? Are you coming back?"

"We've got a house, now, down in Chatham. I still go to school up here at Twydall."

"We're just about to phone for a pizza. Do you want to eat with us?"

"No, I just brought a letter, from the school, from Miss Crace."

"Oh, no. She'll be wanting me to come back. I won't now. It's too late."

"I think she knows that. It's just an invitation to the end of term disco. You should come. It will be fun! You could wear that sarong thing. It looks great!"

Margie tore open the envelope and took out the note along with a small poster for the event. Miss Crace was always sympathetic, sorry Margie had missed sports day, but hoping to see her and chat at the disco, where maybe she might recognise some old friends. This woke in Margie a memory of Dino. Perhaps he was back from Italy. There was nobody else she wanted to see.

"I'll call for you. We can walk there together. See you Saturday."

Brett wasn't giving her the choice.

Friday was the day for completing the temporary repair on the inside of the hull and the time of low tide was almost the same as the day before – early afternoon. If they could complete it, they might see the Adele afloat in the early evening. It would be a cause for celebration, so they shopped for a feast for the evening, on board. The Aldi supermarket provided french bread and they raided the deli. The centre aisle had an array of cheap temptations from which Roma picked some solar powered lanterns to light the deck and Margie thought a cotton sunfrock would be suitable for the disco.

Saturday morning everyone was tired, hungover even. Margie had drunk almost as Roma and Declan. She had had beer before, but nothing like the quantity or strength of the spirits disguised with orange juice which she had been allowed. Declan must have been well over the limit, driving back, faster than he should. Roma still wanted to see the Adele afloat again, so Declan took her, leaving Margie to nurse her headache. They returned just as Brett arrived.

“Where’s Margie?”

“She’s changing into her frock.”

The sight that emerged from the caravan silenced all of them.

“You can’t wear that,” It was the Aldi sun frock, which was built for someone short and full-bosomed.

“Sorry but you look like Granny.” Brett had the same grandmother as Margie.

“Shall I tie your scarf round, like yesterday?”

“No that’s terrible. Can’t you wear your usual jeans and tee shirt?”

“Some girls wear ball gowns, don’t they Brett?”

“No, that’s the Prom, for leavers. This is just a disco.”

“Who can I go as? Beyoncé? Kim Kardashian?”

“Idiot! Just go as yourself. Everyone else is taken.”

“Who said that?”

“Someone famous. I don’t know. Eddie Izzard, maybe.”

Margie disappeared back to change and re emerged as herself, clean jeans, yellow tee shirt and her newest trainers.